

Breakable Heaven by interstellarstars

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Summary:

America. What once was a total shit-show, had somehow hit rock bottom of shittiness. Zombies walked the earth in what Eddie Kaspbrak called "The United States of Zombieland." Eddie was alone surviving the apocalypse, making it through only because of his extensive list of rules, (ex: Rule #28: "Double Knot Your Shoes"). However, soon he finds himself with others, and before he knows it, Eddie might actually be enjoying the demise of humanity.

(Zombieland- 2009 AU)

1. 1

America. What once was a total shit-show, had somehow hit rock bottom of shittiness. No longer was there the threat of the President of the United States starting a nuclear war because of a bad sandwich, because instead, there wasn't really much of the United States. (And because the president was one of the first to die when this all happened). Eddie called it "the United States of Zombieland," which he thought was pretty funny. Unfortunately, there was no one around to appreciate the joke. One of his- very important- rules of survival was "travel light." This included luggage, as well as people. Running from zombies became harder when you had a fifty pound duffel bag on each shoulder, as well as a rolling suitcase, and a separate bag for toiletries. Running from zombies was also harder when you had to grab someone's hand and pull them along with you.

These rules that Eddie had, had saved his life on the daily. Rule #1 was "Cardio," which, despite his asthma, Eddie had kept up with. Sometimes you forget you have asthma when zombie guts are flying through the air. However, this didn't stop Eddie from carrying his inhaler with him everywhere he went. Which, might've been the last inhaler ever "issued" to a person. He had raided a pharmacy ten days into the Zombieland Apocalypse to find it. Eddie was painfully aware of how light it was becoming. Each time he used it, he knew there were only so many puffs left inside the plastic.

Rule #2 was the "Double-Tap." When one isn't sure if the un-dead are really completely re-deaded- don't be stingy with your bullets. One more clean shot to the head could save you from becoming a human happy-meal. Not to say Eddie particularly enjoyed shooting zombies (he was anti-gun before zombieland, and still kind of was), but he knew from every movie- practically ever- that one more bullet never hurt anyone.

Eddie desperately had to go to the restroom, but it was always a struggle. This is because of rule #3: “Beware of Bathrooms.” Zombies can smell vulnerability. This isn’t a metaphorical thing, they can literally smell vulnerability. And when is a man more vulnerable than on a toilet seat?

Eddie was at a gas station. He had a theory that the smell of anything that can get you high subdues the smell of humans. Of course, it was just a theory, but gas was Eddie’s favorite way to get high. No it wasn’t. He just didn’t have anything else.

Slowly, Eddie crept towards the bathroom. He checked his pocket for hand-sanitizer, which was there, thank god. He raised his shotgun, and slowly, very slowly, knocked on the door.

He heard a grunt from inside. It was unclear whether it was someone that ate people’s faces, or someone that had a bad burrito.

Eddie knocked again, and heard shuffling inside. He took a step back, shotgun shaking in his hands, and waited.

Rule #1, “Cardio.” Eddie could outrun the zombie that burst out of the bathroom, but that didn’t mean he could outrun it for long.

“FUCK YOU!” Eddie screamed as he scrambled into his unlocked car. (Rule #13: “Leave the Car Unlocked.” Zombies can’t drive. Don’t make it harder for yourself when you’re running to safety)

He let himself sigh of relief, before a zombie jumped out of the backseat, practically onto his lap.

“No, no, no, no, no!” Eddie struggled with it, trying to keep it from biting him. He smashed it’s head into the horn. The sound startled it briefly, which was enough for Eddie to shove it into the passenger seat, cock his gun, and shoot it. And shoot it three more times.

There was still the zombie outside his car, scratching at the windows. Eddie swerved around and hit it, then ran it over.

He quickly added another rule. Rule #31: “Check the Back-Seat.”

Eddie climbed out of the car and went around to the passenger side. He opened the door, praying the zombie would fall out on its own, that he wouldn’t have to touch it. But when he opened the door, it remained bloody and slumped over in Eddie’s passenger seat.

Eddie breathed through his mouth as he carefully- touching it as little as possible- dragged the zombie out of his car.

He rubbed hand sanitizer on his hands and arms as he got back in his car.

Eddie started driving. He was trying to make it to Maine, to see if his family was alive. Solitude was great for survival, but not as great for emotional stability. It was strange, all of Eddie’s phobias and compulsions made him seem like an unlikely candidate to have made

it this far into the apocalypse. However, Eddie knew that those phobias and compulsions are exactly what made him survive. Seatbelts, paper-towels, double-knotting his shoes- each compulsion played into keeping him alive.

Another thing about the zombie apocalypse that especially sucked was that if you didn't know how to do something- cook, fix, create something- you were out of luck. You could try researching it at a library or book store, but any building with aisles was a death trap. So, when Eddie's car started making a weird groaning sound, and then started to slow, he knew he wasn't going to be able to do anything about it.

"No, no. Come on. Come on. COME ON!" Eddie shook the steering wheel, trying to will the car to keep moving.

But there was no stopping the inevitable. Like a zombie virus, once your car starts to breakdown, no one can stop it.

"Fuck," Eddie whispered. The car stopped.

Eddie tried to restart the car for twenty minutes, to no avail.

Slowly, Eddie looked around. He was on a long stretch of highway. There were deserted cars, weeds growing everywhere, and above all else- no zombies.

It was hard to do, but Eddie knew he had to accept the fact that he

was going to have to find some other way to get to Maine.

He got out of the car. Eddie wanted to kick it so bad, he hated the piece of metal for what it had done to him. But, he couldn't- it might attract zombies.

Eddie started walking, he knew he was going to have to eventually, so why not start as soon as he could. Angrily, he dragged his suitcase behind him.

Eddie walked for hours, it was exhausting, but luckily uneventful. Just as he was about to see if he could find a car that would lock so he could take a nap, he heard a honk from behind him, and a car skid to a stop.

Eddie jumped around. A man was pointing a gun out of a jeep window, and it was pointed right at him.

"Holy shit, don't shoot! I'm not gonna eat you! Please, god, I'm-" Eddie clenched his eyes shut, arms outstretched. After thirty seconds of whatever defense mechanism he had just adopted, Eddie opened his eyes, and unlocked his knees.

"Get in!" the man yelled.

Eddie walked over and got in the car, careful to look in the backseat as he did so.

“What are you looking for?”

“Nothing- uh- I just- I have this list of things to-”

“Just my duffel bag back there. And yours apparently,” The man looked at Eddie as he shoved his suitcase in the back. “I’m Stan.”

“Eddie.”

There was a moment of silence, nothing but the sound of the engine.

“Where are you headed?” Eddie asked.

“Lewiston,” Stan replied.

“That’s in Maine! I’m on my way to Maine, too. Maybe we could... “

“Look,” said Stan. “I’m not easy to get along with, and I’m sensing you’re kind of a bitch, so...” Stan glanced at the door.

Eddie didn’t move. He smiled at Stan, who gestured to the door. Eddie continued smiling.

“For fucks sake! Fine! You can drive with me,” Stan put the gear into drive, and sped off.

Eddie quickly put his seatbelt on, and Stan looked at him weirdly. He didn’t care, though. Rule #4 was “Seatbelts,” as they saved lives, especially when you’re swerving and running over zombies.

They drove in silence. Teaming up was never Eddie’s ideal plan, but he needed a ride, and Stan seemed like he was a good zombie-killer. Stan did, however, have one weakness.

“LOOK!” Stan yelled.

“WHAT!?” Eddie reached in the back for his gun.

“Shhhhhh,” Stan slowly opened his door.

Eddie’s heart was racing wildly. He stayed frozen inside the jeep.

Stan grabbed a pair of binoculars from a pouch next to his seat, that Eddie hadn’t seen. He put them to his eyes, and looked.

“Fuck. It’s another blue-jay,” Stan said, as he got back in the jeep.

“What?” Eddie asked.

“Oh. I’m trying to find an indigo bunting. Those are my favorite birds.”

Eddie stared at Stan, confused out of his mind. Stan looked back.

“What? Can’t a man have a hobby?”

Eddie threw his hands up, nodding wildly.

“Sure. For sure. It’s no problem.”

“Yeah, I know it’s no problem,” Stan said as he started the car again.

They drove in silence. Eddie was slightly afraid to say anything that would upset Stan enough to throw him out of the car. He couldn’t walk all the way to Maine. He could barely walk a couple miles.

Eddie thought about Before. He did that a lot. The zombie apocalypse sucked, of course, but at least it was interesting. His life Before was dull. Because of all his phobias, he barely left the house. He thought about his first encounter with a zombie.

It was a Friday night. Eddie was playing World of Warcraft, eating

pizza, drinking mountain dew, and losing his pride, when the voice of his neighbor started yelling and rapidly knocking on his door.

“Help! Someone help! Please! Help!”

Eddie assessed the risk. On the one hand, there was clearly a danger. On the other hand, he sort of had a crush on his neighbor. Which was confusing on its own, because his neighbor was a man, but Eddie tried not to think about it.

He decided to open the door, and his neighbor crashed into him, then slammed the door behind him.

“Thank you, fuck, thank you. There was a man. He sprinted at me. **SPRINTED**. And he tried to bite me. He tried to fucking **BITE** me. What the fuck?”

“Hey, it’s okay. I mean it’s not, because that sounds awful, but I mean, it’s okay now.”

They sat down on the couch together, and ended up falling asleep practically on top of each other, each man’s heart racing, but for different reasons.

When Eddie woke up, he was being attacked by his zombie neighbor, whom he ended up killing. Overall, it was a great first same-gender experience. He felt so liberated.

Eventually him and Stan needed something to eat, so they found a supermarket. Eddie wasn't thrilled about going into it (aisles) but Stan insisted, so Eddie agreed.

Eddie did ten jumping-jacks, then started stretching.

"Are you fucking with me?" Stan looked at Eddie, total shock on his face.

"Huh?" Eddie responded. "Oh. No, rule #18 is 'limber up,' which you should also probably do."

"Rule... Actually, I don't care. Let's go."

Eddie felt successfully limbered up, so he followed after Stan.

"You ready?" Stan asked.

Eddie nodded, putting his finger on the trigger of his shotgun.

Stan raised his hands to his mouth and- well Eddie wasn't completely sure what Stan did. A bird mating call? That was Eddie's best guess.

Immediately, two zombies came streaming out of aisle ten. One was huge, and moved slowly, the other was skinny and moved twice as fast as the big one.

Eddie stepped forward and shot the skinny one five times in the stomach. It doubled over, and Eddie shot it two more times in the head. He looked back at Stan, who was smiling at him.

“Leaving the big guy for me, I see. Afraid of a little muscle?” Stan laughed, as he picked up his weapon of choice he had put down to do the bird call- garden clippers.

“What!? No, I-” Eddie started.

“Coward,” Stan ran past Eddie, straight towards the remaining zombie.

Stan wasted no time getting to it, he was quick on his feet. He unhinged the garden clippers, and with a clean motion, chopped the zombie’s head off. Eddie had to admit- it was kind of awesome.

Stan dropped the clippers and turned around to walk back towards Eddie, but his gaze fell on something behind him. Stan’s face fell into one of bewilderment. Eddie whirled around. Standing behind him, was a teary eyed man, about the same age as Eddie and Stan.

“Come quick,” the man said, his voice almost breaking.

Stan quickly followed him, but Eddie stayed behind. He tried to find something to prop open the emergency exit with. (Rule #22: "When In Doubt, Know Your Way Out"). He settled for a box of cheerios, then followed.

When he caught up to them, Eddie saw that there was another man with them, sitting on a table looking down. He was also crying, and Stan looked close to tears, which surprised Eddie.

Stan approached him, and whispered.

"The one with the glasses has been bit. Act normal, try not to freak him out."

The one that sought them out spoke first.

"I'm Mike. He's Richie. We're just looking for a way out."

"No, no, no, no. I can't- he's a person!" Eddie exclaimed.

"Yeah, no shit I'm a person. Don't talk about me like I'm not here! I won't be a person for long if someone doesn't do something!" The one named Richie snapped.

Eddie approached Richie.

"I'm sorry. Look, your friend says you're sick. But I can't-" Eddie took a breath. "Are we sure there isn't a cure?"

"We already said our goodbyes. We just don't have a gun," said Mike.

Eddie looked at Stan, mouth agape, struggling to find words. Stan was not much better, looking back and forth between the three others, a pained expression on his face.

"Just give me the gun, and I'll do it," Mike choked out.

Eddie handed Mike the gun and stepped back, heart racing.

Mike pointed it at Richie, who was crying. Eddie closed his eyes and braced for the shot. It didn't come right away. Instead, a heartbreaking goodbye. Eddie was going to be sick.

"love you Richie," Mike said.

"Love you too," Richie replied.

Mike took a breath, but didn't pull the trigger.

“You need some help?” Stan asked gently.

“Now that you mention it...” Mike started slowly. Suddenly he jerked the gun around to Eddie and Stan, and Richie jumped off the table, pulled a handgun from his back pocket, and pointed it at them as well.

“We’ll take your weapons, your car key, your ammunition, and if you got it, sugarless gum.” Richie said with a smirk

“What the fuck!” Eddie screamed.

“Hold on, we can-” Stan started, but both Mike and Richie got closer, the threat of their guns worse.

“Why’d you give him the gun!?” Stan exclaimed.

“What the fuck was I supposed to do!?” Eddie yelled back.

“Hello?” Richie said. “Have you two forgot about the armed fucking robbery that’s going on right now?”

In ten minutes, Eddie and Stan were on their own, without a car and without their guns. They watched Richie and Mike drive off, all of Eddie’s hopes flying away with them. Eddie hadn’t even gotten dinner.

In a world of flesh-eating zombies, why did humans have to be so cruel?

2. 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Eddie and Stan have been left stranded by a pair of assholes. What will their next move be? And will it bring them back to the con artists? It will. Of course it will.

“We could bike it?” Eddie suggested, receiving a dangerously angry look from Stan. Eddie stopped talking.

He and Stan had walked several miles from the supermarket where they had been robbed, and could not find any car that worked.

“I WANT MY JEEP! I WANT IT BACK!” Stan shrieked, causing a nearby bird to take flight. Stan saw it, but didn’t do anything. The one thing Richie and Mike had let them keep was Stan’s binoculars.

Eddie scanned the area. Luckily, no zombies seemed to have heard Stan’s yell. They hadn’t encountered any on their walk so far, which was quite a relief. They were weaponless, which, when it came to zombies, meant defenseless.

Stan sighed.

“We need to get off this damn highway. Go somewhere suburban. Hijack a car,” Stan started moving before he finished his sentence.

Eddie had to take big strides to keep up with him. Stan was clearly a man on a mission, Eddie could tell he would not be stopped until he had a new car, and new weapons.

They walked far, it was dark by the time they saw it. Even Eddie, who knew almost nothing about cars, could tell it was a beauty.

What was standing in front of Stan and Eddie was a bright, yellow Hummer. Somehow, it had no scratches, and wouldn't be getting any from them (for now) because a window was rolled down.

"Yes!" Stan exclaimed happily, and ran to the rolled down passenger window. He opened the door, ran around to the other side and climbed in.

Rule #31: "Check the Back Seat."

"Holy shit," said Eddie.

Stan turned around.

"Holy fuck," Stan agreed.

There were guns. So many guns.

“This is the best night of my life,” Said Stan.

There were bats, chains, and boxes of bullets. Someone was going to miss this car very much.

Stan immediately started driving, fast, his eyes angrily watching the road.

“Slow down Stan-The-Man, we don’t have somewhere to be.” Eddie said, pulling his seatbelt across his torso.

“I’m going to HURT them. No one humiliates me like that.” Stan said, not looking away from the road.

“You know what they say, he who seeks revenge should remember to dig two graves,” said Eddie. He wasn’t much looking forward to hunting down the two men who had out-smarted them.

“Perfect, they’ll each get their own.”

“Come on,” said Eddie. “Let’s forget about them and head home.”

The word “home” had slipped out- a force of habit. Eddie knew what Stan was going to say before he started talking.

“No one in this world has a home anymore. Not any of us. So I’m looking for something that can... that can be a replacement for that.

A car. Or a nice meal for once. And God help me, a fucking indigo bunting bird. But right now? We're getting revenge. You gotta enjoy the little things."

Eddie had to hand it to Stan, "enjoy the little things" was surprisingly good advice. Eddie added it to the list. Rule #32: "Enjoy the Little things."

They saw it soon after; Stan's jeep, parked with the lights off. Stan pulled over twenty yards away and put their hummer into park. He grabbed a gun from the backseat and opened his door ferociously.

"You're- you're not gonna shoot them, are you?" Eddie asked. They had been severely duped, but Eddie did not want (human) blood on his hands.

"Not unless they shoot me," Stan said grinning. "Oh, let's hope they shoot me."

Stan started walking over briskly, the same fire in his walk as before.

Eddie shifted in his seat. If it were up to him, they wouldn't be on a revenge mission- the car they had now was the biggest, most comfortable car Eddie had ever been in.

That's when Eddie felt it. A pull. A twitch. He felt utterly horrified.

Eddie had to pee.

Eddie looked for Stan, who was out of sight. Rule #3: “Beware of Bathrooms” was an important one, but Eddie saw a nice bush right off the road. There was a zombie prowling around in the distance, but it wasn’t anything to worry about.

Eddie hopped out of the hummer, leaving his door open. He relieved himself by the bush, keeping an eye on the zombie, and got back in the car.

“Your fly is down.”

Eddie jumped so high he hit his head on the ceiling of the car. He hadn’t checked the backseat, why would he? He had been several feet away.

Slowly, Eddie turned around. Richie was smiling at him.

“Get out! I’ll kill you, I’ll-” Eddie was cut off by Richie pointing a gun at him. “Fuck.”

“Now stay silent until your friend gets back. We rather like this new ride you’ve got.” Richie smirked, and Eddie realized how great revenge could actually be. He swore right then to get it on the two twerps that had outsmarted him- twice.

“So, lovely day here in Zombieland, huh?” Eddie said.

“Didn’t I just say to keep quiet?”

“I literally do not care what you have to say,” Eddie said, crossing his arms.

Richie touched the gun to Eddie’s forehead.

“I’ll keep quiet!” He squealed.

Eddie huffed and turned back around to see Stan on his way back.

“Your fly is still down,” said Richie.

“Fuck you, man!” Eddie said, pulling his zipper up.

Stan kept approaching. Without speaking, Eddie tried to communicate to him that he shouldn’t get back in the car with a multitude of dramatic facial expressions.

Stan wouldn’t catch his eye. He climbed into the driver's seat and started speaking, no idea of Richie’s presence.

“They weren’t there. Must’ve found someone else to completely fuck

over,” Stan said

Eddie just nodded.

“We should keep moving, slowly though. They can’t be far.” Stan looked at Eddie and finally caught his eye. “They’re in the back, aren’t they?”

“Just me!” Richie said, causing Stan to jump as well.

“I’m sorry! I went to pee, and then he just. He was here! But if you blame me, I’ll be pissed, I mean, blame HIM! Fuck!” Eddie punched the window, then cradled his hand. Richie snickered.

“Honk your horn,” said Richie.

“What? So your friend Mike can join us? No way,” said Stan.

Richie pointed the gun in Stan’s face. Stan honked the horn.

The trunk of their stolen jeep popped open, and Mike jumped out.

“You didn’t check the trunk?!” Eddie exclaimed.

“It was locked! I checked everywhere else!” Stan shot back.

Mike jogged to the hummer, and pointed the gun he was (of course) holding at Eddie and Stan.

“Get out,” he said.

“That’s literally my gun,” said Stan. “You’re gonna kill me with my own gun!?”

“Not if you get out,” Mike sighed.

Stan didn’t move, so Eddie didn’t move.

“Alright then,” said Mike. He pointed the gun at the sky and fired.

“That wasn’t such a good idea,” said Eddie, watching the zombie in the distance look their way, and start to become not so distant. No one listened to him.

“Get out of the car!” Mike commanded.

Stan didn’t move. Mike shot the gun again, and Eddie watched another three zombies in the distant start to move towards them.

“Guys,” said Eddie. They ignored him.

“Last warning. Get out of the car,” said Mike.

“Actually, Mike, I think you should get in the car,” Richie said, finally seeing the zombies.

Mike swiveled around, and saw the wave of zombies getting closer and closer. He breathed out a quick “shit,” and jumped into the backseat.

“Drive!” He yelled at Stan.

“Don’t tell me what to do,” said Stan, starting to drive.

They passed Stan’s jeep. It got smaller and smaller in the rear view mirror. The group was silent, but they were all thinking the same thing.

“Do I have to travel with these assholes now?”